WHOLE NO. 21

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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 13, 1851.

for the National Era. MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL.

CHAPTER II. Som: Account of Peewawkin, on the Tocketuck.

Well and truly said the wise man of old, Much study is a weariness to the flesh." Hard me ill prepared to resist the baleful influences of storms of March, the capricious changes of April, and the sudden alternations of May, from the blandest of southwest breezes, to the terrible and icy eastern blasts which sweep our seaboard like the fabled Sanser, or wind of death. The buoyaney and vigor, the freshness and beauty of life seemed leaving me. The flesh and the spirit were no longer harmonious. I was tormented by a nightmare feeling of the necessity of exertion, coupled with a sense of utter inability. A thousand plans for my own benefit, or the welfare of those dear to me, or of my fellow-men at large, passed before me, but I had no strength to lay hold of the good angels, and detain them until depth that Maning. The trumpet sounded in my ears for the tournament of life, but I could not bear the weight of my armor. In the midst of duties and responsibilities which I clearly comprehended, I found myself yielding to the absorbing egotism of sickness. I would work only when the sharp rowels of necessity were in my sides.

It needed not the ominous warnings of my acquaintance to convince me that some decisive change was necessary. But what was to be done? A voyage to Europe was suggested by my friends, but unhappily I reckoned among them no one who was ready, like the honest laird of Dumbedikes, to inquire, purse in hand, "will siller do it?" In casting about for some other expedient, I remembered the pleasant old-fashioned village of Peewawkin, on the Tocketuck river. A few few weeks of leisure, country air, and exercise, I thought might be of essential service to me. So I turned my key upon my cares and studies, and June the mail coach rumbled over Tocketuck bridge, and left me at the house of Dr. Single- him. tary, where I had been fortunate enough to secure

was a well-preserved specimen of the old, quiet, transmute the aches and ails of its inhabitants seaport town on the shore of one of the inland of mud. an engine dragged its long train through the streets; no steamboat puffed at its wharves, or ploughed up the river, like the enchanted ship of the ancient mariner-

"Against the wind, against the tide, Steadled with upright keel."

The march of mind had not overtaken it. It had neither printing-press nor lyceum. As the fathers had done before them, so did its inhabitants at the time of my visit. There was little or no competition in their business; there were no rich men and none that seemed over-anxious to beome so. Two or three small vessels were annually launched from the carpenters' yards on the river. There was a blacksmith's shop, with its clang of iron and roar of bellows; a pottery, garnished with its coarse earthen ware; a store, where molasses, sugar, and spices, were sold on one side, and calicoes, tape, and ribbons, on the other. Three or four small schooners annually left the wharves for the St. George's and Labrador fisheries. Just back of the village, a bright, noisy stream, gushing out, like a merry laugh, from the walnut and oak woods which stretched back far to the north through a parrow break in the hills turned the great wheel of a grist-mill, and went frolicking away, like a wicked Undine, under the very windows of the brown lilac-shaded house of Descon Warner the miller, as if to tempt the good man's handsome daughters to take essons in dancing. At one end of the little crescent-shaped village, at the corner of the main road and the green lane to Deacon Warner's mill, stood the school-house, a small, ill-used, Spanish-brown building, its patched windows bearing unmistakeable evidence of the mischievous character of its inmates. At the other end, farther up the river, on a rocky knoll open to all the winds, stood the meeting-house-old, twoglistening in the sun. The bell in its belfry had heen brought from France by Skipper Evans, in the latter part of the last century. Solemnly baptized and consecrated to some holy saint, it had called to prayer the veiled sisters of a convent, and tolled heavily in the masses for the dead. At first, some of the church felt misgivings as to the propriety of hanging a Popish bell in a Puritan steeple-house, but their objections were overruled Moses could use the borrowed jewels and ornaments of the Egyptians to adorn and beautify the ark of the Lord, it could not be amiss to make a Catholic bell do service in an orthodox belfry. The space between the school and the meetinghouse was occupied by some fifteen or twenty dwellings, many colored and diverse in age and appearance. Each one had its green yard in front, its rose-bushes and lilnes. Great elms, planted a century ago, stretched and interlocked their heavy arms across the street. The millstream, which found its way into the Tocketuck near the centre of the village, was spanned by a rickety wooden bridge, rendered picturesque by a venerable and gnarled white oak which hung over it, with its great roots half bared by the water, and twisted among the mossy stones of the crumbling abutment.

The house of Doctor Singletary was situated somewhat apart from the main street, just in the slope of Blueberry Hill, a great, green swell of erlooked the village and the river a long way up and down. It was a brown-looking, antiquated mansion, built by the Doctor's grandfather, in the early days of the settlement. The rooms were arge and low, with great beams, scaly with whitewish, running across them, scarcely above the reach of a tall man's head. Great-throated fireplaces, filled with pine boughs and flower-pots, gave promise of winter fires, roaring and cracking in boisterous hilarity, as if laughing to scorn the felly and discomfort of our modern stoves in the porch, at the front door, were two seals where the Doctor was accustomed to sit in fine weather, with his pipe and his book, or with such friends as might call to spend a half hour with him. The lawn in front had scarcely any other ornament than its green grass, oropped short by the Doctor's horse. A stone wall separated it from the lane, half overrun with wild hop or ole-

matis, and two noble rock-maples arched over with their dense foliage the little red gate. Dark belts of woodland, smooth hill-pasture, green broad meadows, and fields of corn and rye, the homesteads of the villagers, were seen on one hand, while on the other was the bright, clear river, with here and there a white sail, relieved against bold, wooded banks, jutting rocks, or tiny islands, dark with dwarf evergreens. It was a quiet rural picture, a happy and peaceful contrast to all I had looked upon for weary, miserable months. It soothed the nervous excitement of pain and suffering. I forgot myself in the pleasing interest which it awakened. Nature's healing ministrations came to me through all my senses. I felt the medicinal virtues of her sights, and sounds, and aromal breezes. From the green turf of her hills, and the mossy carpets of her woodlands, my languid steps derived new vigor and elasticity. I f lt, day by day, the transfusion of her strong

The Doctor's domestic establishment consisted of Widow Matson, his housekeeper, and an idle slip of a boy, who, when he was not paddling across the river, or hunting in the swamps, or and close application through the winter had left playing ball on the "Meetin' us Hill," used to run of errands, milk the cow, and saddle the horse. a New England spring. I shrank alike from the Widow Matson was a notable shrill-tongued woman, from whom two long-suffering husbands had obtained what might, under the circumstances, be well called "a comfortable release." She was neat and tidy almost to a fault, thrifty and industrious, and, barring her scolding propensity, was a pattern housekeeper. For the Doctor she entertained so high a regard that nothing could exceed her indignation when any one, save herself, presumed to find fault with him. Her bark was worse than her bite; she had a warm, woman's heart, capable of soft relentings; and this the "Merand-boy so well rain and that he bore the daily infliction of her tongue with a good-natured unconcern which would have been greatly to his oradic had it not resulted from his confident expectation that an extra slice of cake or segment of pie would, ere long, tickle his palate, in atonement for the tingling of his ears.

It must be confessed that the Doctor had certain little peculiarities and ways of his own, which might have ruffled the down of a smoother temper than that of the Widow Matson. He was care less and absent-minded. In spite of her labors and complaints, he scattered his superfluous clothing, books, and papers, over his rooms, in "muchadmired disorder." He gave the freedom of his house to the boys and girls of his neighborhood who, presuming upon his good nature, laughed a her remonstrances and threats as they chased each other up and down the nicely-polished stairway. Worse than all, he was proof against the vituperations and reproaches with which she indirectly assailed him from the recesses of her kitchen. He smoked his pipe and dozed over his my back to the city, and one fine evening of early newspaper as complacently as ever, while his sins of omission and commission were arrayed against

Peewawkin had always the reputation of a

threw its evil shadow over it; no smoking demon of sixty, he was little better off, in point of worldly substance, than when he came into possession of the small homestead of his father. He cultivated with his own hands his corn-field and potatopatch, and trimmed his apple and pear trees, as well satisfied mich blo pe with his rustic Sabine villa. In addition to the care of his homestead and his professional duties he had long been one of the overseers of the poor and a member of the school committee in his town ; and he was a sort of standing reference in all disputes about wages, boundaries, and cattle trespasses, in his neighborhood. He had, never theless, a good deal of leisure for reading, errands of charity, and social visits. He loved to talk with his friends, Elder Staples, the minister, Deacon Warner, and Skipper Evans. He was an ex pert angler, and knew all the haunts of pickerel and trout for many miles around. His favorite place of resort was the hill back of his house which afforded a view of the long valley of the Tocketuck and the great sea. Here he would sit enjoying the calm beauty of the landscape, point ing out to me localities interesting from their his torical or traditional associations, or connected in some way with humorous or pathetic passages of his own life-experience. Some of these auto biographical fragments affected me deeply. It narrating them he invested familiar and common place facts with something of the fascination of romance. "Human life," he would say, "is the same everywhere. If we could but get at the truth we should find that all the tragedy and comedy of Shakspeare have been reproduced in this little village. God has made all of one blood; what is true of one man is in some sort true of another manifestations may differ, but the essential ele ments and spring of action are the same. On the surface, everything about us just now looks prosaic and mechanical; you see only a sort of barkstory, and full of windows, its gilded weathercock mill grinding over of the same dull, monotonous grist of daily trifles. But, underneath all this there is an earnest life, rich and beautiful with love and hope, or dark with hatred, and sorrow and remorse. That fisherman by the river side or that woman at the stream below, with her wash tub-who knows what lights and shadows chequer their memories, or what present thoughts of theirs, born of heaven or hell, the future shall ripen into deeds of good or evil? Ah! what have I not seen by the minister, who wisely maintained that, if and heard? My profession has been to me, in some sort, like the vial-genii of the Salamanca student; it has unroofed these houses, and opened deep, dark chambers to the hearts of their tenants, which no eye, save that of God, had ever looked upon. Where I least expected them, I have en countered shapes of evil, while, on the other hand, I have found beautiful, heroic love and self-denial in those who had seemed to me frivolous and selfish."

So would Dr. Singletary discourse, as we strolled over Blueberry Hill, or drove along the narrow willow-shaded wood which follows the windings of the river. He had read and thought much in his retired, solitary life, and was evidently well satisfied to find in me a gratified list- from a "Vater land" which is not your Fatherener. He talked well and fluently, with little land, and speak with a tongue your mother never regard to logical sequence, and with something of taught you. "Quabosha House" stares you inthe dogmatism natural to one whose opinions had seldom been subjected to scrutiny. He seemed of a large gray building, which your eye may equally at home in the most abstruse questions of theology and metaphysics, and in the more pracand stretching far down from the north, and tical matters of mackerel fishing, corn growing, and wear an exceedingly dingy livery. It is the terminating in a steep bluff at the river side. It and cattle raising. It was manifest that to his book lore he had added that patient and close observation of the processes of Nature, which often places the unlettered ploughman and mechanic in a higher level of available intelligence than that occupied by professors and schoolmen. To him nothing which had its root in the eternal verities of Nature was "common or unclean." The blacksmith, subjecting to his will the swart genii

of the mines of coal and iron—the potter, with his power over the clay"-the skipper, who had tossed in his frail fishing-smack among the icebergs of Labrador-the farmer, who had won from Nature the occult secrets of her woods and fieldsand even the vagabond hunter and angler, familiar with the habits of animals and the migration of birds and fishes, had been his instructors; and he was not ashemed to acknowledge that they had this splendid hotel which looks proudly down

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the National Era.

THE SLAVE - A TABLEAU.

BY S. H. LLOYD. MORNING.

The new-born light comes floating o'er the hill,

Kissing the orange leaves upon its way, And, kindly entering at my window sill, Illumes my cabin with its feeble ray.

But not with joy I ope my slumbering eyes, As flowers their leaves to greet the coming morn That, drinking in the sunshine from the skies,

Feel all the pleasures of a life new born. I wake; but with the dawn, my restless heart But griefs that cause each dawning hope to start, And thoughts of outrage, wrong, and wasting care.

O God, when from thy gates the light appears, Should it awake such bleeding hopes and fears?

The noonday hour has come; beneath this tree I sit me down to est my simple meal;

The winds come floating by so wild an I free They whisper thoughts that through my bosom steal The stream is free, that courses through our vales-The waves, whose music breaks upon the shore-The clouds, that spread their wings like crimson sails,

And whisper thoughts that die in me no more! Why should I thus he doomed to wear a chain? To bare my back beneath the driver's whip? To pour my sweat for him like drops of rain, And ne'er have power to ope my burning lip? is this the boon for those who till the soil. To reap such harvests for their willing toil ?

EVENING.

The golden sun has sunk all silently, And dewy eve comes tripping to my side, As on I pass each fragrant bush and tree,

Behind whose leaves our little cabins hide. With weary limbs yet beating heart I go To meet my sweet and loved ones at my door,

Which smiling hope has circled with her bow, And where my love has gathered all her store; And yet why o'er my soul this horror steals?

Why from my pent-up heart this deathlike sigh? The thought that e'er this bursting heart cone Whene'er my home is pictured in my eye;

The fears that hang a cloud before my sight, The clouds that shroud my soul in folds of night. hour.

No sound now steals upon the breathless air, Save that of leaves that fan the sleeping flowers; Our own North Star ne'er seemed so bright and fair,

As through the vines it seeks these hearts of ours. What hopes and fears now crowd my aching brain, As by our sleepless breasts our children lie! To make us free, does Night now pour her strain,

For which the stars are beckening in the sky? We snatched our babes, so young and fair, they seemed Like sweet breathed blossoms clinging to our breast,

While sweetly in its blue the North Star beamed, And forth we went to seek a Northern nest;

O God! what cloud is rolling at our back ? O! keep the bloodhounds from our tear-stained track Boston, Massachusetts.

LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR.-No. 1.

BY MARY IRVING.

THE INTRODUCTION. " Cheer up, brothers!

As we go Over the mountains Westward ho!"

Whoever has taken a summer trip in search of healthy town; and if it had been otherwise, Doc- the undefined and unfindable "West," cannot The little village of Peewawkin at this period tor Singletary was the last man in the world to have failed to pay a visit or a passing notice to a Whoever has racked his lonely wits to relieve the ennui of a four days' voyage around the Lakes, by some less debatable means than the fashionable dancing and card-playing, has welcomed with delight the low, swamp-like forest-girted shores respite, if not " rest, to the sole of his foot'

Quabosha (its real name is scarcely more euphonious, having, as its only claim to a correct pronunciation, a memory of the red man who christened by it the harbor and "creek") is a trading town, scarcely ten years old, struggling recociously into the dignity of a city. No one questions its right, however, in a land where all things, collectively as well as individually, confederations as well as corn-fields, spring up like Jonah's gourd of a night, by no means to wither

You need not pause to take a formal farewell of the little world in that swaying steamship; its denizens care even less for you than you for them, and are busied with their own lookings forward. Nod a hasty "good bye" to the few real friends you have found, diamonds in the sands of that floating island, bound upon this pier, which the light waves are lashing threateningly-wave your handkerchief as the swan-like vessel, with lungs in full play, sweeps a graceful retreat from your standpoint-and then turn your eyes and your steps "Westward ho!"

I have pictured summer skies bending over you, and the brightest of golden sunshine enticing you to stretch your ship-weary limbs in its grateful glow.

You find yourself in no dreamy nook of this busy world, however, nor are you permitted, just now, the pleasure of a reverie. Four or five hackmen have been nudging you while I have taken this time to explain; and now, if you do not choose to make a selection among their carriages so anxiously waiting at the further end of the pier, you must shut your ears to the jargon of "various tongues," and hurry through their midst to terra firma.

Here you pass into a street, walled by ware houses of all shapes and sizes, which are barricaded by innumerable prairie wagons, of shapeless variety, and stocked with wheat enough, one would think, to look a Pharach-man famine in the face. From this lakeward lane you enter the main street, comfortably broad, save in the matter of sidewalks, which, at their present breadth are more than comfortably crowded. Shops and stores of various heights and depths, architectural beauties and monstrosities in most friendly companionship, stretch away in far perspective If you are a professor of languages, your critical eyes may scan the various signs and labels which their foreheads wear. Many of these stand interpreted in English, for the benefit of the uninitiated. If you are not thus learned in the linguist's lore, it will do you little good to stand listening to the jubbering (I would not speak disrespectfully) of that knot of farmers, towards which you are turning so anxiously. They are vitingly in the face, in gilt letters, from the front possibly mistake for stone in the distance. The shops are mostly constructed of the same material. peculiarity of the brick of our Western country, to pass even under the purifying influence of the fire, without losing a w it of its affinity to the mother Earth" that gave it color. The blushing cities of Eastern brick quite outshine our modest nud-colored blocks. This "House" is the reverse of an "apple of Sodom," fair without, but bitter within; for its low, dark doors and reserved plazzas would tempt no foot but the tired traveller's to enter. Yet you may be regaled in its dim, narrow dining-hall, with such fare as you would look for in vain at the "Delavan House," or many an establishment of greater note. Yet, if your eyes are tempted by outward show, you

may continue your walk up the hill—as a scarcely

perceptible rise in the sand-heap on which the

"Stage for B-1" resounds from the hall

upon its humbler neighbor roofs.

door, just as you are comfortably ensconced at the dinner-table. If you have landed with the fixed purpose of exploring the inland country, and accepting my invitation, and will be first guided to Prairie de la Fleur, you will make light of all inconveniences to appetite, and seat yourself forthwith among its passengers.

Crack! and away you rumble over a road like macadamized pavement, without its accompaniment of echoes. The clay soil beyond the sand heap, baked by the rays of a July sun, gives the best possible passage for a short distance. As soon as you leave the limits of "the clearing," however, the circumstances change. You have entered the forest ("grove," or "timber," in the

however, the circumstances change. You have entered the forest ("grove," or "timber." in the parlance of those peopling it) that encircles the Lake like an emerald setting, ranging from three to five miles in its width, and your track among the trees is a rougher one. Dodging between the luxuriant maple boughs and lingering stumps, the stout vehicle lumbers along, describing are after arc, in strict accordance with the "line of beauty"—shaking the bending tresses of the trees, and scaring the shuirrel and the whirring partridge from their noonday nooks.

If you traverse this part of the country in the less genial days after the spring and autumn rains, your experience may be diversified by sundry jottings and jumblings together of all whom

dry jottings and jumblings tog ther of all whom circumstances have thrown into company—thrown oftentimes into contiguity a little too close for comfort. The wheels dash delightfully from a stump into a fathomless "rut," or rather to the tune of "Rockaway" over a bit of cordurey turnpike. That doxing Englishman has just been waked up to the dignity of his situation by a dash of his beaver against the "chapeau" of that prattling Frenchwoman opposite, whose anxiefy for the safety of the "chère enfant" sleeping on her lap forces her to interlard with many a "Mon Dieu" her simple stock of Anglo-American phrases. Two Dutchmen nod phlegmatically from their respective corners, comprehending rather by the eye than the ear the state of affairs; and a scion of Yankee-land "guesses the road'll be beat down on

Swash! sink the wheels into a whirlpool of mud. The horses struggle; and, amid shouting, shaking, and whip-cracking, you come to a sud-

of the stage floor.

"Stranger! jump out, will you!" he exclaims, familiarly, "and led a hand to heave a log for the ladies to light!"

The Englishman draws up his dignity closer in his mackintosh. The Dutchmen are too slow of apprehension to appreciate the invitation; but the ready-handed Yankee is "on duty" in a

"I say, comrade, where's the foot-hold ?" he cries, looking humorously into the opaque pool "T'other side o' the Chinese Empire! Swim

ahead, captain !"

Thus encouraged, our hero takes the leap, and commences his bridge-hunting.
"What has happened?"
"Stage shied!" laconically replies an initiated

one of the company.
"Ah! quel malbeur!" ejaculates the fair Fran-

"Fetch poles to pry up 'yur!" commands the general at the horses' heads; and you hasten into the fenceless road to procure the nearest available piece of timber. What have you startled from its air among the dry leaves, rustling and coiling at your feat? Aim a sure blow with your rude weapon; for the spring of a "moccasin snake" is ser-f than ap x wide spring at 1 20 m will analytike

rattles as a trophy, if you are a miser in the mat-Walk along to the prairie now, if you choose an easier mode of motion than you have been enduring. The slant sunbeams are gliding up to the tree tops, kindling each like a taper. Glimpses

of a fathomiess and matchless blue heaven beyond urge you on. beautiful prairie is before you. "Prairie de la Fleur!" would start instinctively to the lips of that French lady passenger, even had it not first sounded on those of the affable driver, at the mo-

ment of introduction. Who that has seen it in its spring mantle of white azure and blushing pink—or its royal au-tumn robe of gold and purple, as it were caught by reflection from its own sweetly bending sunset sky-has not christened it in his heart even

Prairie de la Fleur?" Yet you are disappointed; and your eye does emble it. You looked for a shoreless spotless, hillockless expanse of waving green, un varying and level as an ocean of still water. ocean congealed in a storm" has been the oft comparison best befitting the reality Yet there are no mountain waves; but swelling ridges, crowned here and there by fields of wav-ing wheat, divide the landscape with the gentle dells between them. Orchard-like islands of oak trees speck its surface, and low roofs dot it, as cities dot the map. Afar to the right-you would not think it quite three miles away-on the highest wave of the greensward, a windmill tosses its white arms to the wooing breezes. This is the most distinctive feature of the landscape, and, by your leave, shall be our "light-house" in our wanderings together; for, as it is visible from

supplies the lack of a compass to the bewildered novice of a traveller, whenever the North Star With a spy glass, you might mark, to the right and the left, school-houses of log and brick, at wide distances from each other, humbly striving to foreshadow a happy destiny for the children scattered like sheep around and between them. A single simple building towers above its fellows— "church in the wilderness." Does not even this far-away nook of a prairie bear the impress of the "Pilgrim Fathers?" But look up! You have lowered your gaze too long from a sky whose wel-come is as deep as its own inimitable blue. "The brush of the Creator Artist" is dipped in dyes

vain in its imitation. Look again! Does not the very gate of the brighter world seem opening where that half-hid-den orb is kindling the prairie afar? Light, vapory forms seem dissolving in a radiance too bril-liant for your eye to look upon; and, far up to the zenith, the cloudlets, scarce visible before, blush with the last warm kiss of their Sun-parent.

you in its chain of beauty—to feel, as you may have never felt before, Bryant's apostrophe to "the pillars of the sky "-" I only know how fair they stand

About my own beloved land." TO BE CONTINUED

PHILADELPHIA, January 7, 1851. To the Editor of the National Era:

Will you allow me to say a few words to you and to the free Democrats who read your paper? I wish to call your and their attention to, and to warn them against, the great danger to be appre-hended from this time-serving, principle-selling Congress of ours. There is danger that two greaterinciples, embodied in two prominent measures are to be sacrificed on the altars of mammon and unrighteousness; that the true, Christian, human-ity-embracing principle of free trade is to be sold, "a moderate protection to American indus-y" (!) at the price of the peaceful (?) continuance the Fugitive Slave Bill—in other words, that the hitherto free-truders will vote for an additional tariff tax, provided the hitherto free-soilers will vote down all attempts to repeal the Fugitive

If the saying, "when rogues fall out, honest men get their own," he true, then the converse of it, "when rogues agree, honest men are cheated,"

I look upon the present Congressional signs as portenious of injury, or rather of temporary em-barrasement to the true and good cause of pro-gress and reform. Let the Free Democracy speak out. It is time they should. It is bad enough, and hard to bear, that we have one hateful and aristocratic measure thrust upon us most offensively, but to be ridden over by the oligarchs of cotton ginning, and of cotton spinning, at one and the same time, is unbearable. As for the whining ironmasters (and many deserve their name)

LETTER FROM LONDON. LONDON, December 20, 1850. To the Eduor of the National Era : The President's message was received here on the 18th instant, but has created very little excitement. It is looked upon as a well-written document, and, with the exception of certain portions, is generally liked. Those parts which advocate protection are disliked by the great majority of intelligent people and the press. The Times styles Mr. Fillmore "a mild protectionist,"

quote it "The last address of an Executive Chief presented to the world was that of Louis Napoleon, who only the other day was in lodgings in King street, St. James's, but who now, by the expulsion of an elected King, presides over the fortunes of France. The address which this morning occupies so many of these columns is from Millard Fillmore, formerly a linen-draper's shopman, and now, by the death of his superior, the Federal Head of the United States of America. A cen tury ago, in the days of Louis XV or George II the wildest imagination could not have fore

shadowed two such documents, two such person

ages, and two such trains of events as have placed them where they are."

The stand Mr. Fillmore takes upon the Fugi tive Slave bill is everywhere reprobated, as it is "What's agog?" growls a passenger from the window, just as the driver has waded to the opposition which the little Prenchwoman from the inclined plane of the Journals argue that it is the fault of our receillar form of Government, which places him peculiar form of Government, which places him in so peculiar a position; but the majority are indignant that he should not, at least while de claring his resolution to carry out the odious law while it exists, also express his desire that it be repealed.

> A striking proof of the folly and even danger of the late anti-Catholic excitement is afforded in the conduct of the Rev. Dr. McNeile, of Liverpool. He is one of the most distinguished pulpit orators in Great Britain, and belongs to the State Church. During the late agitation he has taken a prominent part among those who have devoted time and talents to the anti-Popish cause, and, though reverenced by thousands, heretofore, for his dignity of character, has several times been

"Ah! quel malbeur!" ejaculates the fair Française, in vague terror.

"A slough, I suppose," superciliously repeats
her vis-a-vis from the opposite side of the British
Channel, emphasising the correct pronunciation.

"Slough of Despond' indeed it seems to you."
All are extricated presently, however; even
the unfortunate horses, that were wallowing deeper and deeper in the mire, have struggled to a
firmer spot; and the empty stage wagon, with firmer spot; and the empty stage wagon, with two wheels in the air and two beneath the earth, the punishment of death upon all priests who were guilty of the practice!

His congregation were shocked, and in the course of the afternoon he received a note from one of his dearest friends, demanding a retraction of such horrible sentiments. At the evening service, he asked the pardon of his audience for the atrocious sentiment" he uttered in his morn that he knew not what language be - so varted

Mr. Cobden, during the past week, has received challenge to fight a duel with Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, and the whole affair has afforded infinite amusement for the public.

A few weeks since, at a meeting of the Friends of Peace, in Birmingham, John Bright related an anecdote of Admiral Hastings, which was to this effect: That while being examined before a Committee of the House of Commons in reference to the state of the national defences and the danger of a French invasion, the gallant admiral was pressed for reasons to substantiate his opinion, that the French contemplated invasion, and he replied, that the Bishop of Japan, in a steamboat somewhere, let fall certain words, which were warlike, &c. Mr. Bright's intention was to ridicule the annual war-cry of the admirals and other officers living upon the people, and succeeded in

Admiral Hastings, however, felt "insulted, and wrote a letter to Mr. Bright, demanding an explanation, inasmuch as his anecdote only gave portion of his evidence before the committee. and was an unfair representation. Mr. Bright turned the Admiral over to Mr. Cobden, as his authority. He then wrote to Mr. Cobden, who replied to him that he was a member of the committee of the House, and could not retract a word that he had uttered to Mr. Bright. Sir Thomas feeling himself insulted, and utterly unable to get any retraction of the offensive words, chal-lenged the great Anti-Corn-Law Agitator to fight

Mr. Cobden's letter, declining to be shot at, is the most humorous and yet biting reply ever re-ceived by the Admiral, or any other duellist. After a facetious preface, in which he describes the reception of the letter "on Sunday," and his "hearty fit of laughter" after reading it, and his thought of "applying to Mr. Punch as his second," he advises the extremely nervous Admiral to retire from the service of his country into the bosom of his family, where his delicate nerves will receive better attention than from the public, from which be receives a liberal stipend.

The enjoyment which the public has derived from the affair can hardly be imagined with you. The whole correspondence is published, and Sir Thomas Hastings heartly repents ever having demanded an explanation from Messrs. Cobden and Bright. and Bright.

time to the 4th of February next. The coming session will not, it is expected, be an exciting one. The approaching World's Fair will prevent all agitation and violent disputing, and it is quite probable that Parliament will be in session the whole summer, which will give all foreigners present a good opportunity to study the legisla-tive branches of the English Government.

The medical world has been a good deal interested in a surgical operation performed on one of the bears in the Zoological Gardens, Regents Park, one day last week, by a distinguished surgeon. It consisted in the removal of a cataract from the eye, and although, from the structure of ordinary operation on the human eye, yet it was perfectly successful. Through the aid of a heavy

and quiet, and restored to a perfect eyesight.

Mr. Thackersy, the talented author of "Pendennis," which is just concluded, announces a new Christmas book, under the title of "The Kickleherys on the Rhine." The very title smacks strongly of his usual style of half humorous, half-sarcastic sketches of society, and a treat may be Richard Doyle, also-a gentleman who has re

cently left Punch because of the stand that journal has taken against the Pope, he being a Cath-olic—has issued a new story, and a capital Christ-

Mr. Croker, the renowned Parliamentary enemy of Mr. Macaulay, has in his possession an extraordinary collection of letters written by Pope to his coadjutors, Broome and Fenton, never hefore published, and only just discovered, and will publish them in the next edition of his life of the great poet. This correspondence, it is said, is of exceeding value, as it illustrates the life and character of Pope, which have heretofore been misunderstood. The forthcoming edition of Mr. Croker's work will attract great attention, as it Croker's work will attract great attention, as it

There is no longer imminent danger of war in to their is Germany. The measures which were in progress rageous

for placing the corps of the Russian army on a war-footing have been suspended, and the armies of Prussia and Austria are being reduced materially. M. De Monteuffel has triumphed over the war party for the present at least, and it is not likely that there will be a return to war measures.

Everybody now is looking with anxiety forward to the Ministerial Conferences at Dresden, which will open on the 23d instant. Hesse Cassel is to be represented there by the unpopular M. Hassenpflug. This looking has been the adjustment, as he calls it, "until time and extent of the superience shall demonstrate the necessity of further perience s

sel is to be represented there by the unpopular M. Hassenpflug. This locanot look well for the liberties of the Hessians. Many of the minor German States feel that their rights are in jeop-ardy, and it is not to be wondered at, when the men who will constitute the Conference are contemplated. Monteuffel has addressed a letter to the States, endeavoring to soothe them.

The Austrian Government is about to try to repair the deranged state of her finances by a loan. She is bankrupt, a beggar, and, depend upon it, cannot raise any portion of her needed loan in England, and if not here, not anywhere in Europe. Mr. Cobden is too wide awake to allow her to try her old trick over again without warning the people as he did before. The real state of Austrian finances is beginning to be understood here, as well as the fact that money lent to her only pays for massacreing the friends of freedom.

France has had a quiet week. It is said by and bestows a few paragraphs upon his fallacious reasoning. The opening paragraph of The Tones leader upon the message is so striking, that I will

France has had a quiet week. It is said by those in the secrets of Louis Napoleon that he is disappointed in the prospect of peace in Germany. He meant to have profited by the war, by allying France to one of the belligerent countries, and demanding certain territories in pay. The glory arising from the act, he thought, would help him to a throne.

> For the National Era. LIGHT.

" Light is breaking o'er the ocean," And Freedom's songs resound from far Europa's slaves are fast uprousing,

Waging on high the rightful war "Light is breaking o'er the ocean"-Ther hight of grief and gloom, of sadness,

Bring in the dawn of liberty. " Light is breaking o'er the ocean "-E'en sons of Rome behold the ray; Enslaved Italia sees with gladness

The light of Freedom's glorious day. " Light is breaking o'er the occan"-The reign of despots soon will close Heroic Hun and noble Saxon

Shall triumph over Freedom's foes. " Light is breaking o'er the ocean," And joyous hearts raise rirus long; Who mind and spirit long held captive, Now find a voice for Freedom's song.

" Light is breaking o'er the ocean "-And shall Columbia's children dare Enchroud their land in midnight darkness When all around is bright and clear !

" Light is breaking o'er the ocean"-Both North and South awake from sleep; For far and wide the brightness shineth, Freedom resounds from deep to deep.

Raise the lay, for light is preaking, Millions behold the dawn appear Break the chain and loose the fetter Kaise, raise on high the hallowed cheer.

" Light is breaking o'er the ccean," And Freedom's song is echoed far; Columbia's sons will free the captive. Ulster County, New York, 1850

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY .- No. 5.

BY JONIAH HOLBROOK

Mica is a compound of oxydes, more com-tains all the oxydes entering "nho we lt. ann-minerals, with the addition of manganese, much used for bleaching salts, (chloride of lime) Mica also contains traces of the silicate of magnesiathe article used in the manufacture of Epson salts and other chemicals. This silicate, as its name denotes, contains silex, or the exyde of sili-cum. It has been found by the progress of geology in large quantities, both in Pennsylvania and Maryland. From it have been made various chemicals, and among them Epsom salts, (sulphate of magnesia,) at so cheap a rate, in such quantities, and of so good a quality, as entirely to supersede the importation of this article, so extensively used for medicinal purposes. In con-nection with this silicate and other megnesian minerals, chrome ore (chromate of iron) has been

found, and chrome yellow (chromate of lead) made from it with such success as to reduce the price of that valuable paint from fifteen dollars to twenty-five cents per pound ; thus bringing the benefits of geology and chemistry to every individual in the community—at least to every man and woman who rides in a carriage covered with yellow paint, and to every child who uses an atlas Mica is not an important element in soils, and n rocks is less abundant than either quartz or feldspar. Though not abundant in rocks, it is one of the three materials of granite, and has an

important influence in modifying the character of rocks in fitting them both for agricultural and architectural purposes. It gives to gnelss and mica slate, both granite formations, a facility in being worked into slabs of greatly extended sur-face, fitting them for side-walks, bridges, floors bridges, floors, farm enclosures, and numerous other purposes. These two abundant rocks in granite formations can be readily formed into slabs of an extended and smooth surface, by the use of the hammer, chisel, and wedge; while most rocks, not containing mica, require the drill in addition to the other struments named.

Good specimens of mica slate may be seen in the walks from the National Capitol leading to Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues. It is obtained from Bolton, Connecticut, twelve miles east of Hartford. Gueiss is the common material used for sidewalks in Washington, as it is for the basements of all the public buildings now in progress in the national metropolis. It is ob-tained from the banks of the Potomac, from five to eight miles above Washington. In this exustless and valuable deposite are interspersed extensively very brilliant cubical crystals of the sulphuret—not sulphate—of iron, known among miners as "fools' gold," and strikingly illus-trates the old adage, that "all is not gold that litters.

feldspar across some quartz, and then the quartz across the feldspar, may ascertain which scratches the other, and of course the comparative hard-ness of these two essential elements of soils, the ildest friends and the strongest "unionists" upon

LETTER FROM OHIO.

Desertion of the Whigs-General Excitement of the People-Underground Railroads-Effect of President's Menace-Report on Modification of the Law STARK COUNTY, O. January, 1851.

DEAR SIR: Many of our Whige, who I

loud professions of opposition to the extension of slavery, and who, like Daniel Webster, thought

To the Editor of the National Era :

the nomination of Z. Taylor rather a "bitter pill," pleased themselves with the idea, and tried to tickle others with it, that the name of Millard Fillmore would furnish a sugar coating to it that did. And since the contingent has become the acever sweet to the palate, very bitter and drastick in the stomach. Whilst the atrocious and al-most universally odious Fugitive Bill was before the Senate, their cry was: "Oh! you'll see—Fill-more will veto it, if it should pass the House." Since his approval of the bill, however, and the delivery of his message, I have not found one of his quondam friends willing to say one good word on his behalf. They are now "Free-Soilers." That iniquitous measure of the last Congress has done more to drive Ohio men into our ranks, to open their eyes to see the working of the "peculiar in-stitution," and their ears to hear what others know of it, than all the lectures that have been delivered, from the first dawn of the Liberty

The resolutions passed on these occ

perience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard sgainst evasion or abuse. One would have supposed that a small portion of common sense, unless completely stultified by the pernicious influences that pervade the city of Washington, would have taught him that an act, passed by a minority of the people's representa-The Elector of Hesse Cassel, it is said, has no tives, and by the most hasty and dishonorable intention of returning to Cassel, but will make means, so repugnant to the religion and moral sentiment of the great mass of American citizens—a law that deprives them of the most sacred

autocrat of Russia to boot. That so far from quieting agitation, it will increase it a thousand fold, and perpetuate it so long as the disgraceful bill pollutes the statute book. J. P.

For the National Era. POWERS'S GREEK SLAVE IN ST. LOUIS.

Many thanks we owe to the appliances of our civilization-rather to the genius of mechanismnot only that our facilities for rapid travel to and fro are multiplied a thousand fold over those of our grandfathers, enabling us quickly to pass through incredible distances, visiting the works of art and the monuments of industry in their reposi-tories, but that they may even be broughttous. It is by these means that hundreds in our city have been nermitted to look upon this to the tide, who never could have left their shops, their

professions, and their families, for this purpose.
Yes, in St. Louis there has been exposed for several weeks the nude statue of a type of womanly beauty chained, with averted countenance, too proud in her innocence and too self-reliant to shrink before the unfeeling multitude thronging a market-place in the chief city of the Turk. An exquisitely-wrought representation of a Grecian maiden, in that stainless marble, which is the most appropriate emblem of purity and truthfulness, leaning upon a broken column upon which are carelessly thrown her garments, while from a fold of these are espied a locket, as if the gift of a lover, and a cross, which shows her familiarity with the maxims of Christianity, but helpless to adjust these as modesty and taste would suggesthelpless on account of a chain which closely ap-proximates one hand to the other. And why these fetters? Has she committed any crime for which she deserves punishment? Ah, some child-thief has stolen her, and brought her from her native Grecian hills, where she has known neither taskmaster nor chain, and conveyed her to this strange land of another language and another creed, and of sympathies which knew no compassion but for kindred—and offered her for sale to work out her life in unrequited service, or pander to lust! A daughter of the erudite Athenian or the ironsouled Spartan sold in the shambles of Constan-

I gazed for a time on this beautiful work, while spectators came and went, some admiring the mar-ble, some the polish of the surface, some the beauty of an arm, or the perfectly turned contour of the calf, others inspired with the worship of the beautiful, and carried from this human image of the Unseen, to the contemplation of the hidder but all-pervading spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being" But there were others truthful, was dimmed by a chain a despot had struched become beautenthe, the out take the out time en-slaved and living image of the Godlike follow the behest of mammon and sensuality.

One of those, whose thoughts seemed thus to be disturbed by this grip of Satan upon this child

of innocence, thus soliloquized:
"Beautiful woman, before whom an unchaste thought would be sacrilege and contempt of all that is pure, lovely, and great, in my own soul; who has undertaken to despoil thee of all that is good and noble, and convert thee to a brute, to a beast of burden, or to a pet of indolence, luxury, and passion? The symmetry of thy form, the elasticity of thy tread, and the serenity of thy brow, prove this body the habitation of a soul of divine origin and an immortal destiny, which here requires to be free in a free body. Poor and helpless slave, though thou hast the attributes of humanity. Yes, thou hast been chained by fel-low-men, who should have been thy helpers in the rugged path of this discipline of life, instead of treading thee in the dust. And thou standest no alone in thy fetters; for how many of thy fair sisters, with as pure a complexion and as fine a form, with feelings as sensitive, are brought from Circassia to this same Turkish mart! In Russia also, how many of thy sisters are doomed to a life of slavery, though forbidden to be torn from their homes; and through all history, how many millions of maidens as beautiful as thou art have been bought and sold!

from a land we call heathen, to show us Chrisians how much more pure and humane are our ways than theirs. We are in thy presence reminded that no divine image of humanity wrought as thou hast been in white can here be chained and worked like mere animals. By thee we are reminded that in our Christian land no Turk can lay his trafficking hand upon a skin that is white and say, mine, for I have paid my money. Noble image of purity and free spirit, all chained as is thy body, mayest thy memory long remain with me, to gladden my waking thoughts, to chasten my dreams, and to cheer me with the thought that with the spread of the Gospel slavery shall no more put its chain around a white wrist; but that, under the benignant sway of Christianity, this doom shall be confined to black people. It is the spot which thy presence is consecrating, maid-ens as pure and as sensitive as thou art are weeky bought and sold in a place as public as that Turk sh market-place where thou wast exposed under the cry of the auctioneer. And it is true, also, that the buyers and sellers of these have chains and handcuffs and whips by which the unwilling slave shall be made to go whithersoever the mas-But get away, obtruding affections; I am gazing upon an image as white as the driven snow, at in view of the wrongs of the kind she represent contemplating the complete emancipation of all the white people of the earth, under the genial influence of Christianity; and I cannot have my thoughts perturbed by the intrusion of such black and thick-lipped images as these I see flitting be-fore my eye of imagination. Away! away! I came not to think of chony maidens or men, or what humanity requires for them, but to be regaled with the elevating and humanizing sentiments which I dreamed this image should inspire me with. My first emotions were delicious and my anticipations for my race were glorious, and why

Under the influence of this disappointment of feeling, our soliloquizing spectator was about to retire; but the statue, turning just then upon its pedestal, and seeming to look him full in the face and though without gesture, for the hands were still enchained, and without motion of lip or contraction of feature, (for the statue never censes to wear a look of disdain, similar to what our Saviour is said to have exhibited when he was speechless before Pilate.) addressed to his heart sentiments plain to him as though uttered in audible accents though all unheard by other lookers-on:

"Why limit your sympathies?" was the mute language of the marble. "Why limit your ap-plication of the principles of justice? Now, know that justice and mercy are no artificial creation, but that they grew out of the constitution of the mind itself, and are common to all minds which are capable of appreciating and applying them. Away, henceforth, with your sophistries of the multiplied origins of the human races. Man is to be estimated for what he is, for what he feels, for stitution," and their ears to hear what others know of it, than all the lectures that have been delivered, from the first dawn of the Liberty party movement to the present time. It is perfectly astonishing to witness the excitement, the enthusiasm, the unanimity, with which all parties meet together, all over the country, to give vent to their indignation and abhorrence of the outrageous law and the men that perpetrated it. be estimated for what he it, for what he feels, for what he it, fo